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RUTLAND HERALD.

BY GEO. H. BEAMAN RUTLAND, THURSDAY, OCTOBER 9, 1845. Vol. 51....No. 41

ATTRACTION

Attraction is a curious power,
That none can understand;
Its influence is every where—
In water, air and land;
It keeps the earth compact and tight,
As though strong bolts were through it;
And what is more mysterious yet,
It binds us mortals to it.

You throw a stone up in the air,
And down it comes—ker-whack!
The centrifugal casts it up—
The centripetal—back.
My doss! I cant discover how
One object 'tracts another,
Unless they love each other, like
A sister and a brother.

I know the compass always points
Directly at the pole;
Some say the Nort Star causes this,
And some say—Symm's Hole!
Perhaps it does—perhaps it don't,
Perhaps some other cause;
Keep on 'perhapsing'—who can solve
Attraction's hidden laws.

A fly lights on a 'lasses cup—
Attraction bids him woo it;
And when he's in, attraction keeps
The chap from paddling through it.
Attraction lures the sot to drink,
To all his troubles drown;
But when his legs give way, he falls
And 'traction keeps him down.

Attraction is a curious power,
That none can understand;
It's influence is every where—
In water, air and land.
It operates on every thing—
The sea, the tides, the weather;
And sometimes draws the sexes up,
And binds them fast together.

For the Herald.

A GLORIOUS DAY,

Castleton, Sept. 29, 1845.

The students of Castleton Medical College, in compliance with a kind invitation extended to them by their *deservingly* meritorious, and esteemed Proff. Middleton Goldsmith, on Saturday morning last, with joyful countenances and merry hearts, bid 'good bye' to their books and their cares for a while, to be resumed after they had dined with their generous Proff. at Mr Hyde's, the well-known "paradise of the Green-Mountain State," where the Student, the Epic, or the Poet can while away his leisure hours in a pleasant and satisfactory manner. Stories and songs were our sources of amusement, until we arrived at a toll [illegible], and there a scene occurred, that can only be enjoyed by those of my readers who were so fortunate as to witness it. But I feel very confident that, could all the inhabitants of the State have been present and only beheld the greasy and anxious urchin that was substituted for a *gate keeper*, as he was endeavoring to collect his fee from the scores of Students, and the 'old ladies in breeches' who in regular order, occupied a platform, (that for all I know, was erected for that purpose,) each to deliver her respective address which, it is to be supposed, was listened to with undivided attention, and cheered as it merited, it would not failed to set such a concourse of people in a roar of laughter. Each *lecturess* having discharged her duty, we rode on and amused ourselves the remainder of our ride, by repeating in turn the advice we obtained at the gate; and in this way rendered the 'latter end' of our ride more agreeable and pleasant than the "beginning."—When we arrived at the destined place, we found all things in order for our reception; and friend Hyde as usual, 'ready and willing' to do all in his power to make our visit a happy one. Not a moment dragged heavily along, as may be suspected, when so many merry souls had met. Almost all being separated from their homes, and the scenes of their childhood, each called to mind some musical as well as instructive incident that occurred at or near the 'cot where he was born,' and thus we whiled away the time, apparently without a single sad thought of the past, or a fearful foreboding of the future. 'All went merry as a marriage bell,' until Mr Hyde's bell announced 'that dinner was ready,' at which summons we all marched into the dining-room headed by our amiable Professor. I need not make mention of the dainties of the table; for all who have been so fortunate as to visit Mr Hyde's, know how he entertains his guests, and I will only say he made a grand effort, and grandly succeeded.

When we had eaten, and were filled, Professor Goldsmith, in his modest, dignified and courteous manner, addressed us as follows:—

"Gentlemen, some fifteen or sixteen years ago, [illegible] of Castleton, [illegible] a graduate of the Castleton Medical College, left his native town and settled in a distant place, where he has earned for himself a distinguished and enviable reputation, and mindful of his *alma mater* he has sent us students and those of the right kind. In the fullness of his success, he has come here to-day to mingle with us in our festivities; and let us bid him a cordial welcome.—Gentlemen, I propose the health of Dr Houghton." (Tremendous cheering.)—Dr H was then called, but we were informed by our host, that being somewhat indisposed, he had withdrawn, and begged to be excused—to which Proff Goldsmith added—'Gentlemen his excellence is only equalled by his modesty.' One of Dr H's students then proposed the following sentiment: 'The health of Professor Goldsmith, may we all profit by the happy incident he has cited and like the subject of his toast, may we prove an honor of our *Alma Mater*.'—(Cheers.) The President of the 'Society' was then called, who in a peculiarly mild and unassuming style, that style which adds dignity to rank, replied thus: 'It is with great pleasure, gentlemen, that I respond to your call, and in reply, propose the following sentiment: "The present class of Castleton Medical College, one and all, examples of industry and good scholarship, may each of them proved the truth of the good old Roman maxim, *'Perseverantia omnia vincit.'*" (Cheers, tremendous cheers long and loud.) Mr Burleigh of Maine, then proposed the following very appropriate sentiment: 'The President and Faculty of Castleton Medical College. God bless them NOW! God bless them FOREVER!'" [Cheers.] Proff. Carr was then called; but, to the regret of every individual present, and particular those who on a former occasion had been favored with one of his splendid sentiments—the information came that not anticipating such an event, Proff Carr had sought the quiet of his chamber; and there like the chemist of old he preferred to amuse himself with his own thoughts and enquiries in silence, and thus obtain a clearer conception of the chemical changes and disorganizations to which our planet was subjected; so that he might go forth in the world and secure to himself an honor that would never tarnish, and a name that would never die. Some gentleman, whose name I cannot call to mind, then proposed the following toast:—'The health of Professor Carr, may he have a long and happy life, and may the past be a true characteristic of his usefulness.'—(Cheers.) Mr Burleigh then offered a second toast—'Our old *Gold-smith*, a *perfect* workman at his trade. We will never consent to change his name until a more precious metal is discovered.' (Cheers.)—Proff Goldsmith then proposed the health of our host, which was responded to by three hearty cheers as we left the table at which we had so completely satiated the desires of our craving appetite. We then resumed the amusements which the time and place afforded—and were more than once led to ask ourselves if the atmosphere which we were then inhaling, was not replete with vital air. At about 4 o'clock the carriages were ordered, and we prepared to take our departure; first however causing the surrounding hills to re-echo our 3 almost deafening cheers, in anticipation of the arrival of Proff. Swettser—and the echo had scarce died away in the distance, when the approach of Proff Parkman (who had been necessarily absent on professional duties) was announced, and on whose arrival at the door we gave utterance to *twice three* thundering cheers, to which salutation the professor replied in that peculiar striking manner which adds beauty to simplicity:—'Gentlemen, you are very kind.' We then for a moment, again recalled the slumbering echos from the distance, and took our departure.

Nothing occurred worthy of note on our return. We arrived at Mr Spencer's in Castleton, about 7 o'clock; and before alighting from our carriages, called on Mr Doane of New York for a parting toast; to which he replied:—'Gentlemen, when time shall have worked out the changes she inevitably will, and we shall be separated far from each other, and busily engaged in the arduous duties of our profession, let us give a thought to the festivities of this day and thus consecrate the memory of our generous Professor of Surgery who so freely tendered them.' We then separated, each retiring to our several abodes, perfectly satisfied with the enjoyments of the day. Not a murmur of dissatisfaction, or a note of 'ungracious discord' was heard. Our flow of spirits could own no other source than the mingling of generous hearts. The 'golden rule of modern times—touch not, taste not, handle not the catalysing agent had been justly appreciated and I feel assured that those of my readers who were so happy as to participate in the pleasures of the day will say with me—"We had a glorious time."

AZYGOS MAJOR.

FLATTERERS. Flatterers were well described by the old author, who says 'they only lift a man up, as it is said the eagle does the tortoise, to get something by the fall.'

From the N. Y. American Review.

MACDONALD'S CHARGE AT WAGRAM.

But it is at Wagram that we look for Macdonald's greatest deed. We never think of that terrible battle without feelings of the profoundest wonder at his desperate charge, that then and there saved Napoleon and the empire. The battle of Aspera had proved disastrous to the French. The utmost efforts of Napoleon could not wring victory from the hands of the Austrians. Massena had stood under a tree while the boughs were crushing with cannon balls over head, and fought as never even he fought before. The brave Lannes had been mangled by a cannon shot, and died while the victorious guns of the enemy were still playing over his heroic, but flying column, and the fragments of the magnificent army, that had in the morning moved from the banks of the Danube in all the confidence of victory, at nightfall were crowded and packed in the little island of Lobau.

Rejecting the counsels of his officers, Bonaparte resolved to make a stand here, and wait for reinforcements to come up.—No where does his exhaustless genius show itself as in this critical period of his life.—He revived the drooping spirits of his soldiers by presents from his own hands,—he visited in person the sick in the hospitals, while the most gigantic plans at the same time strung his vast energies to their utmost tension. From the latter part of May to the first of July, he had remained cooped up in his little island, but not inactive. He had done every thing that could be done on the spot, while orders had been sent to the different armies to hasten to his relief. At two o'clock in the afternoon of the 2d of July, the reinforcements began to pour in, and never was there such an exhibition of the skill and promptness with which orders had been issued and carried out. At two o'clock in the afternoon the different armies first began to come in, and before the next night they had all arrived. First with music and streaming banners appeared the columns of Bernadotte hastening from the banks of the Elbe, carrying joy to the desponding hearts of Napoleon's army. They had hardly reached the field before the stirring notes of the bugle and the roll of drums in another quarter, announced the approach of Vandamme from the provinces of the Rhine. Wrede came next from the banks of the Lech, with his strong Bavarians, while the morning sun shone on Macdonald's victorious troops rushing down from Illyria and the Alpine summits, to save Napoleon and the empire. As the bold Scotchman reined his steed up beside Napoleon, and pointed back to his advancing columns, he little thought that two days after, the fate of Europe was to turn on his single will. Scarcely were his troops arranged in their proper place, before the brave Marmot appeared with glistening bayonets and waving plumes from the borders of Dalmatia. Like an exhaustless stream, the magnificent columns kept pouring into that little isle, while to crown the whole, Eugene came up with his veterans from the plains of Hungary. In two days they had all assembled, and on the evening of the 4th of July, Napoleon glanced with exultant eye over a hundred and eighty thousand warriors, crowded and packed into a small space of two miles and a half in length. Congratulations were exchanged by soldiers who last saw each other on some glorious battle field, and universal joy and hope spread through the dense columns that almost touched each other.

Bridges had been constructed to fling across the channel, and during the evening of the 5th, were brought out from their places of concealment, and dragged to the bank. In ten minutes one was across and fastened at both ends. In a little longer time two others were thrown over, and made firm on the opposite shore. Bonaparte was there, walking backwards and forwards in the mud, cheering on the men, and accelerating the work which was driven with such wonderful rapidity, that by 3 o'clock in the morning, six bridges were finished and filled with marching columns. Bonaparte had constructed two bridges lower down the river, as if he intended to cross there in order to distract the enemy from the real point of danger. On these the Austrians kept up an incessant fire of artillery, which was answered by the French from the island with a hundred cannons, lighting up the darkness of the night with their incessant blaze. The village of Enzersdorf was set on fire and burned with terrific fierceness, for a tempest arose as if in harmony with the scene and blew the flames into ten-fold fury. Dark clouds swept the midnight heavens as if gathering for a contest among themselves—the artillery of heaven was heard above the roar of cannon, and the bright lightning that ever and anon rent the gloom blent in with the incessant flashes below, while blazing bombs traversed the sky in every direction, wove their fiery net work over the heavens, making the night wild and awful like the last day of time. In the midst of this scene of horror, Napoleon remained unmoved, heedless alike of the storm of the elements and the storm of the artillery, and though the winds shrieked around him and the dark Danube rolled its turbulent flood at his feet, his eye watched only the movements of his rapid column over the bridges, while his sharp, quick voice gave redoubled energy to every effort.

The time—the scene—the mighty result at stake—all harmonized with his stern and tempestuous nature. His perceptions became quicker—his will firmer, and his confidence of success stronger. By six o'clock in the morning, a hundred and fifty thousand infantry and thirty thousand cavalry stood in battle array on the banks of the Danube, from whence a month before the Austrians had driven the army in affright. The clouds had vanished with the night, and when the glorious sun arose over the hill-tops, his beams glanced over a countless array of helmets, and nearly three hundred thousand bayonets glittered in his light. It was a glorious spectacle, those two mighty armies standing in the early sunlight amid the green fields, when the air fairly sparkled with the flashing steel that rose like a forest over their heads. Nothing could exceed the surprise of the Austrians, when they saw the French legions across the river and ready for battle. That bright scene was to see the fate of Europe settled for the next four years, and that glorious summer's sun, as it rolled over the heavens was to look down on one of the most terrific battles the world ever saw.

We do not design to describe the movements of the two armies, nor the varied success during the day. Bonaparte at the outset had his columns—converging to a point—resting at one end on the Danube, and radiating off into the field like the spokes of a wheel. The Austrians, on the contrary, stood in a vast semi-circle, as if about to close and swallow up the enemy. Macdonald's division was among the first brought into the engagement, and bravely held its ground during the day. When night closed the scene of strife, the Austrians had gained on the French. They nevertheless sounded a retreat, while the exhausted army of Napoleon lay down on the field of blood to sleep. Early in the morning, the Austrians taking advantage of their success the day before, commenced the attack, and the thunder of their guns at daylight brought Napoleon into the saddle. The field was again alive with the charging squadrons, and covered with the smoke of battle. From daylight till nearly noon had the conflict raged without a moment's cessation.

Every where except against the Austrians' left, the French were defeated. From the steeples of Vienna, the multitude gazed on the progress of the doubtful fight, till they heard the cheers of their countrymen above the roar of battle driving the flying enemy before them, when they shouted in joy and believed the victory gained. But Napoleon galloped up, and restoring order in the disordered lines, ordered Davoust to make a circuit and ascending the plateau of Wagram, carry Neusiedel.

While waiting the result of this movement on the success of which depended all his future operations, the French lines under Napoleon's immediate charge were exposed to a most terrific fire from the enemy's artillery, which tore them into fragments. Unable to advance, and too distant to return the fire, they were compelled to stand as idle spectators and see the cannon shot plough through them. Whole battalions, driven frantic by this inaction in the midst of such a deadly fire, broke and fled. But every thing depended on the infantry holding firmly their position till the effect of Davoust's assault was seen; yet nothing but Napoleon's heroic bravery kept them steady. Mounted on his milk-white charger, Euphrates, given him by the King of Persia, he rode slowly backward and forward before the lines, while the cannon balls whistled and rattled like hail stones about him—casting ever and anon an anxious look towards the spot where Davoust was expected to appear with his fifty thousand brave followers. For a *whole hour* he thus rode in front of his men, and though they expected every moment to see him shattered by a cannon ball, he moved unscathed amid the storm. At length Davoust was seen charging like fire over the plateau of Wagram, and finally appear with his cannon on the farther side of Neusiedel. In a moment the plateau was covered with smoke as he opened his cannon on the exposed ranks of the enemy. A smile lighted up Napoleon's countenance, and the brow that had been knit like iron during the terrific strife of the two hours before, as word was constantly brought him of his successive losses, and the steady progress of the Austrians—cleared up, and he ordered Macdonald with eight battalions, to march straight on the enemy's centre and pierce it. This formed the crisis of the battle, and no sooner did the Archduke see the movement of this terrible column of eight battalions composed of sixteen thousand men, upon his centre, than he knew the hour of Europe's destiny and his own army had come. He immediately doubled his lines at the threatened point, and brought up the reserve cavalry, while two hundred cannon were wheeled around the spot on which such destinies hung; and opened a terrific fire on the approaching column.—Macdonald immediately ordered a hundred cannon to precede him, and answer the Austrians batteries, that swept every inch of ground like a storm of sleet. The cannoniers mounted their horses and starting on a rapid trot with their hundred pieces, approached to within a half cannon shot, and opened a destructive fire on the enemy's rank. With this battery at its head, belching forth fire like some huge monster, the mighty column steadily advanced. The Austrians fell back, and closed in on each other, knowing that the final struggle had come. At this crisis of the battle nothing could exceed the sublimity and terror of the scene.

The whole interest of the armies was concentrated here, where the incessant and rapid roll of cannon told how desperate was the conflict. Still Macdonald slowly advanced, though his numbers were diminishing, and the fierce battery at his head was gradually becoming silent. Enveloped in the awful fire of his antagonist the guns had one by one been dismounted, and at the distance of a mile and a half from the spot where he started on his awful mission, Macdonald found himself without a protecting battery, and the centre still unbroken.—Marching over the wreck of his cannon, and pushing the naked head of his column into the open field, and into the devouring cross fire of the Austrian artillery, he began to advance. The destruction then became awful. At every discharge the head of the column disappeared, as if it sank in to the earth, while the outer ranks on either side, melted away like snow wreaths on the river's brink. No pen can describe the intense anxiety with which Napoleon watched its progress. On just such a charge rested his empire at Waterloo, and in its failure his doom was sealed. But all the lion in Macdonald's nature was roused, and he had fully resolved to execute the awful task given him, or fall on the field. Still he towered unhurt amid his falling guard, and with his eye fixed steadily on the centre, continued to advance.

At the close and fierce discharges of these cross batteries on its mangled head, that column would sometimes stop and stagger back, like a strong ship when smitten by a wave. The next moment the drums would beat their hurried charge, and the calm, steady voice of Macdonald ring back through his exhausted ranks, nerving them to the desperate valor that filled his own spirit. Never before was such a charge made, and it seemed at every moment that the torn and mangled column must break and fly. The Austrian cannon are gradually wheeled around till they stretch away in parallel lines on each side of this band of heroes, and hurl an incessant tempest of lead against their bosoms. But the stern warriors close in and fill up the frightful gaps made at every discharge, and still press on.

Macdonald has communicated his own settled purpose to conquer or die, to his devoted followers. Their [illegible] excitement—no enthusiasm such as Murat was wont to infuse into his men when making one of his desperate charges of cavalry. No cries of "*Vive l' Empereur*," are heard along the lines, but in their place is an unalterable resolution that nothing but annihilation can shake. The eyes of the army and the world are on them, and they carry Napoleon's fate as they go. But human strength has its limits, and human effort the spot where it ceases forever. No living man could have carried that column to where it stands but the iron-hearted hero at its head. But now he halts and casts his eye over his little surviving band that stands alone in the midst of the enemy. He looks back on his path and as far as the eye can reach, he sees the course of his column by the black swarth of dead men that stretches like a huge serpent over the plain. Out of the sixteen thousand men with which he started, but fifteen hundred are left beside him. *Ten out of eleven have fallen*, and here at length the tired hero pauses, and surveys with a stern and anxious eye his few remaining followers. The heart of Bonaparte stops beating at the sight, and well it may, for his throne is where Macdonald stands. He bears the empire on his single brave heart—*he is the* EMPIRE.—Shall he turn at last, and sound the retreat? The Emperor totters on the ensanguined field, for, like a speck in the distance, Macdonald is seen still to pause, while the cannon are piling the dead in heaps around him. "Will he turn at last?" is the secret and agonizing question Napoleon puts to himself—"must my throne go down?"—No! he is worthy of the mighty trust committed to him. The Empire stands or falls with him, and shall stand while HE stands. Looking away to where his Emperor sits, he sees a movement as if aid was at hand. "Onward," broke from his iron lips. The roll of drums and the pealing of trumpets answer the volley that smites that exhausted column, and the next moment it is seen piercing the Austrian centre. The day is won—the Empire saved—and the whole Austrian army is in full retreat.

Such was the awful battle of Wagram, and such the charge of Macdonald. We know of nothing equal to it except Ney's charge at Waterloo, and that was not equal because he failed.

On riding over the ensanguined field, Bonaparte came where Macdonald stood amid his troops. As his eye fell on the calm and collected hero, he stopped, and holding out his hand said, "Shake hands, Macdonald—no more hatred between us—we must henceforth be friends, and as a pledge of my sincerity, I will send you a marshall's staff which you have so gloriously earned." The frankness and kindness of Napoleon effected what all his neglect and coldness had failed to do—subdued him. Grasping his hand and with a voice choked with emotion, which the wildest uproar of battle could never agitate, replied "Ah! sire, with us it is henceforth for life or death." Noble man! kindness could overcome him in a moment. It is no wonder that Bonaparte felt at last that he had not known Macdonald's true worth.

THE BUTTING BUCK.

A friend recently related to us the following. Being at the house of a neighbor a short time since, the company concluded to amuse themselves by telling yarns. After several pretty tough stories had been told, Joe B. was called upon, when with great gravity he related the following.

"Two years ago last pullin' fodder time uncle Josh B. had a buck that was sort o' brought up in the lot and a about the house, and the boys had by foolin' with him, larnt him to butt as hard as a mule could kick—and butt he would every thing that came in his way, until it seemed he would butt every thing off the lot. So uncle concluded to give him his fill of butting. He takes a big hickory maul, and hangs it pretty well up in an oak tree, letting it hang just low enough for the buck to take a fair crack at it. Uncle Josh waited till the buck came round to where the maul hung, when giving it a swing towards the buck, he came at it with a butt that would have knocked down a bull. Away flew maul, and back bounded the buck for another lick. 'Go it, my good fellow,' sings out uncle Josh, 'if you can beat the maul your head's a hard one.' Seeing the motion of the maul, as it commenced its return swing, the buck met it again driving it some twenty feet into the air. 'Hurra my little woolley!' cried uncle Josh, 'if you stand another lick, there's very little sheep in your head that's certain.' But here came buck and maul again, with nearly the same result as before, except that the blow did not seem quite so heavy on the part of the buck. 'At him again my hard head,' sings out uncle Josh, 'take your fill of butting.'—And at him again, the little fellow went, and kept up the butting to the astonishment of uncle Josh, who, as it was getting near night, and the buck showing no signs of giving, left [illegible]. Next morning he got up early and proceeding to the scene of the contest, and found the maul as it was, '*and the buck's tail hopping at it, being all that was left of the butting buck.*'"

Alabama State Review.

NOBILITY OF MECHANICS.

BY MISS M. F. WENTWORTH.

Toil on, sun-burnt Mechanic! God has placed thee in thy lot, perchance to guide the flying car that whirls us from scene to scene,—from friend to friend; bind down the warring waves of ocean, tempest tost; or chain the red artillery of heaven.

Toil on! Without thy power, earth, tho' her sand were one vast Pactolus of gold, would be a waste of tinselled tears and glittering grief; and want, and wo, and splendid misery, would gleam out from all her treasured mines. Rich soils would perish in their richness, and the fruits of seasons changing die ungathered from the harvest.

Toil on! Jehovah was a workman too.—"In the beginning God created heaven and earth;" and from confused chaos sprang this perfect world—the perfect workmanship of the Eternal, uncreated Power. Up rose the mighty firmament; and back the sullen surges swept, submissive, tamed, each to their [illegible]. And then he sets great lights—the glorious sun to bless the day;—the timid moon to wear at night the mildest lustre of the radiant orb. He painted heaven with mingled blue and white; and in the vaulted arch a modest star peeped out, seeming by the majesty of sun and moon, like a stray lily breathing, in its lore of meek and blushing loveliness, on the gay tints of opening bud and rich voluptuous blossom.

Wondering, there dawned another, and a third, till, clustering, clinging to the spacious canopy, they read, in the calm waters of the sea, the story of their radiant loveliness.—From thence assurred they feared nor sun nor moon, but faithfully distil their pensive light. Old ocean tossed her crescent spray; and from her hidden depths creatures of life came up, and flew above the earth—winged fowls and birds and flying fish, and the great whale, dark Emperor of the sea.

And God created man! Six days he labored and the seventh he reposed; while from the sea, the earth, the air, and all that in them is, went up a chorus of ecstatic praise to God, the first, the eternal architect.

Toil on! sun-burnt mechanic; heard ye of him whom babbling Jews despise! The manger [illegible] Nazareth! Exalted to be prince o'er death and hell! Read ye not, in the book, of the untaught apprentice, who laid his hand upon Tavellas' rugged mane; and it was stilled!

Toil on! Drink from the dews that heaven distils, fragrant flowers, the bursting buds, the blessed air, 'tis untold wealth to the hard browed and bronzed mechanic—rich coffers being a snare, canker and corosion. God's wealth is yours, a wealth to which decaying gold is vanity and dross.

Toil on! Proud peer and prince, and pedant, sage, statesman and priest, now claim the tribute of a tomb, which vain would drive away the greedy worm; and splendid eloquence and mocking tears are shed and spent above the dust, which lie as common as the plebian herd. The grave is the great leveller. Blest grave! Grave of the tanned mechanic! A spirit speaks from thence, and willing ears may learn some task, which monuments of gold have not a power to teach. Proud man—learned man—go sit above that tomb, and weep to think that when olden time shall tire, the sun go out with weariness, oblivion's sullen surge shall sweep away your greatness and your chivalry, above "the wreck of matter and the crush of worlds," the handiwork of God's own noblemen shall live, immutable as the purpose of Jehovah.

GOSSIP.

Willis, in one of his late Letters, replete with gossip, from England, after speaking of the great popularity of the "Caudle Lectures," thus handles the character of poor Victoria:—

"If Victoria escapes being called Queen Caudle in history, it will be by the alacrity with which oblivion disposes of gossip—for there are a thousand and one stories afloat of Her Majesty's having her way, to the great inconvenience of Prince Caudle. As beggars sing ballads in the street describing the royal quarrels, it is not improbable that the author of 'Mrs. Caudle's Lectures' took his idea from the Palace, and therefore this most popular bit of literature of the time, is a very fair exponent of Her Majesty's reign. The hereditary madness in the family makes it dangerous to oppose her wishes, and a remonstrance or objection is seldom ventured upon. An express train was sent from Brighton to London last winter, to bring down the royal sleigh—Her Majesty having seen some snow flakes in the air—though such a thing as the snow's lying an hour on the ground in the warm [illegible] of Brighton, was scarce within the memory of man. On one occasion her physician ventured to deny her some chicken broth which she called for immediately after one of her confinements. In a fury she commanded a whole chicken to be boiled instantly, and *had her way*, fortunately without damage to her convalescence.—The details of her discipline of the Prince are very funny, as told, true or manufactured, but I will not give them longer life by committing them to print."